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Uox Populi vox Dei,

A Complaynt

Of

The Comons against Taxes.

London:

RE-PRINTED BY G. WOODFALL,
ANGEL-COURT, SKINNER-STREET.

1821.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

THE

QUEEN MARY II

BY

JOHN H. BURNETT, ESQ.
OF THE BARR

LONDON

THIS METRICAL TRACT

“ Vox Populi vox Dei ”

IS PRESENTED

TO

THE PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS

OF

The Korburch Club,

ACCORDING TO THE DIRECTIONS

OF THE LATE

RIGHT HON. SIR JOSEPH LITTLEDALE, KNT.

MDCCCXLIII.

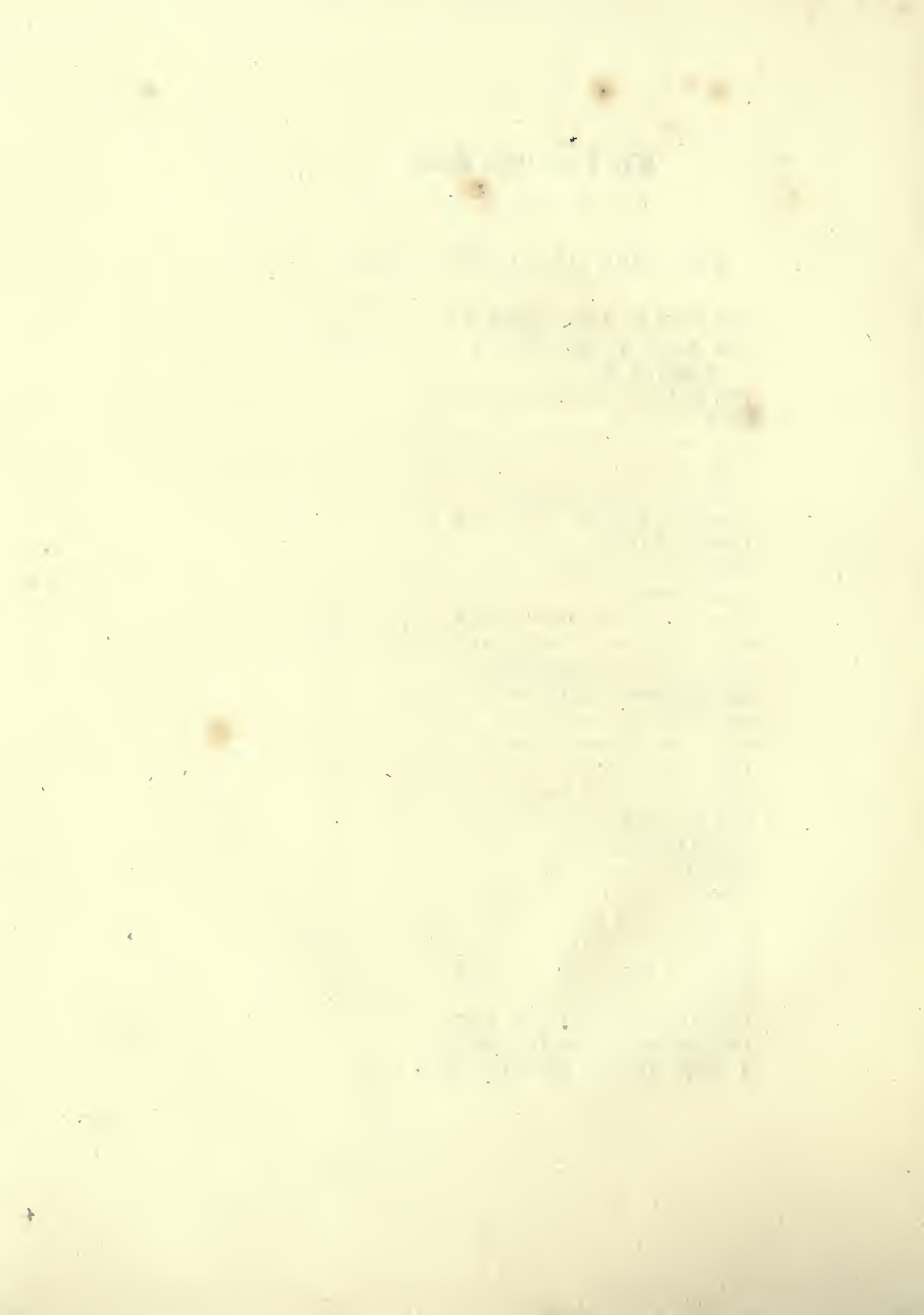


The Roxburghe Club.

MDCCCXLIII.

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PEREGRINE TOWNELEY, ESQ.
EDWARD VERNON UTTERSON, ESQ.



To the
Kings mosse excellent Maiestie*

I praye yo^u be not wrothe
For tellinge of the trothe
For this the worlde it gothe
Bothe to lyfe and to lothe
As God him self he knothe
And as all men understand
Bothe lordeshipes and lands
Are now in few mens hands
Bothe substance and bands
Of all the whole realme
Are now consumed cleane
As mosse men exteme
Frome the sermer and the powre
To the towne and the towere
Which makethe them to lowere
To see that in theire stowe
Is nether malte nor meale
Bacon byfe nor beale
Croke mylke nor keale
But redy for to steale
For very pury neede
Poure comens saye in dede

* From the M. S. Harl. 367. fol. 130.

They be not abell to fede
 In there stable skant a stede
 To byng up nor to byede
 Nor skant abel to byenge
 To the markett any thyng
 Towards there howse kepinge
 And skant have a cowe
 Nor to kepe a powre sowe/
 Thus the waylde ys nowe
 And to here the relasjon
 Of the powre mens commupcacion
 Under whatt sortte and fashyon
 They make there exclamasyon
 How wolde have compassion
 Thus gothe ther protestacion
 Sayenge that suche and suche
 That of latte are mayde ryche
 Have to to /to myche
 By grasping and regiatynge
 By powlyng and debattynge
 By rollyng and by dattynge
 By cheke and cheke matynge
 With delays and debatynge
 With cowstomes and tallynge
 Forfaytts and fore stallynge
 So that your commen* save

* Altered by another hand pömen.

They shall paye paye
Most wyllyngly allwaye
But yett they se noe stage
Of this owtt rage a rage

For populi /vor Dei
O most nobell kynge
Consider well this thyngel

And thus the wyse dothe mltyplye
 Amowngs your grasis commynalte
 They are in suche grette penury
 That thay cane nether sell ner bye
 Such ys there extzeme powertey
 Expeypens dothe it verysye
 As trowthe yt selfe dothe testysye
 This is a mervellous mesizie
 And trow they say it is no lye
 For grassars and regraters
 With soe many shepe maisters
 That of exabell grounde make pasters
 Are they that be thes wasters
 That wyll undoe this lande
 If thay continw and stande
 As ye shall vnderfounde
 By this lytell bowke
 If youze grace it overlowke
 And over lowke it agayne
 Hit wyll tyll yow soo playne
 The tenyre and the trowthe
 Howe this warld now growthe
 With my neghbore and my nost
 In every cowntye towne and cost

Within the cercumvissions
 Of your grasis domynions
 And whye the powre men wepe
 For stawyng of such shepe
 For that soo many kype
 Suche number and suche stowre
 And never was sene before
 What wolde ye any more
 The ingresse was never more
 Thus gothe the wofle and rowre
 And trelwth it ys in dede
 For all men now doo brede
 That cane chache any lande
 Dwt of the powre mens hande
 For whowe is soe grett a grossier
 As the lorde and the laweer
 For every drawyng daye
 The bocher more most paye
 For his fattyng waze
 And to be the more redper
 A nother tyme to craue
 When he more shepe wolde haue
 And to elywatte the pryce
 Sume whatt he most ryse
 With a synke or a sylle
 Soo that the bocher cane not spare
 Towards his charges and is faze
 To sell the vere carchasse baze

Under rix^s or a marke
 Wiche is a pytyfull werke
 Be syde the offal and the lice
 The lice and the fell
 Thus he dothe it selle
 A. las . A. las . A. las
 This is a pitywos chaffe
 Whatt pouze man nowe is abell
 To have mette one is tabell
 An ore at fyve pownde
 If he be any thing rownde
 Or ells come not in the grownde
 Suche laboze for to waste
 This is the new caste
 The new cast frome the olde
 This comen price thay holde
 Wiche is a were rewthe
 If men myght saye the trwoth
 Pouze pomen* thus doo saye
 If thaye have it /thwys thay paye

Aor. populi vor Dei
 O most nobell kynge
 Consyder well this thyng

* This word seems to have been again changed from cōmen.

¶ Howe saye ye to this my lordes
 Are not thes playne recordes
 Ye knowe as well as I
 Thus makes the commons cye
 This makes them cye and wepe
 Myselfyng foe there shepe
 There shepe and eke ther beffes
 As yll and woyle then theffes
 Unto a comon welth
 This is a veze felth
 But you that wyl this bett
 Howe lords that be greett
 You wold not paye so for youre mette
 Except your graspyng waze soo swett
 Or ells feze me I
 Howe fynde some remedy
 In tyme and that right shortlye
 But yett this extrempte
 Non felys it but the comynaltye
 A. las ys there noe remede
 To helpe them of there mesire
 If there howlde come a rayne
 To make a derythe of grayne
 As God maye sende it playne
 For our covitis and disdayne

I wolde knowe amonngs all
 What he where that howlde not fall
 And sorowr as he wente
 For Gods ponyshementte
 A. las this were a plage
 For powertes passession
 Towardis ther suppression
 For the grett mens transgressyon
 A. las my lordes for see
 There maye be remede
 For yourre powre comens sake
 They have noe more to paye

Nor populi vox Dei
 O most nobell kynge
 Consyder well this thyng

And yett not lowng agoo
 Was prechar one or tooe
 That spake it plene enowgh
 To yow to yow and to yowe
 Highe tyme for to repent
 This develyfche in tente
 Of covitis the convente
 Frome Skottland into Kente
 This precheng was he sprent
 And frome the est hunt
 Unto saynt Mychells Mounte
 This sayeng did surmownte
 A byode to all mens heres
 And to your grasys pezes
 That frome pyllyr to post
 The powr man he was tosse
 I. mene. the labozeng man
 I. mene. the husbande man
 I. mene. the plowghe man
 I. mene. the handy craft man
 I. mene. the vplyng man
 And also the gud yoman
 That some tyme in this realme
 Hade plente of key and cyme

Butter eggs and cheffe
 Hony bar and beffe
 But now a lacke a lacke
 All thes men gove to wrake
 That are the bodye and stape
 Of your grasis realme alwaye
 Alwaye and at lenght
 They most be your strenght
 Your strenght and your teme
 For to defende your realme
 They yf thes men appall
 And lack when ye doe call
 Wiche waye maye you or shall
 Resyst your enymes all
 That over ragynge flames
 Wyl wadde frome foren realmes
 For me to make judiciall
 This matter ys to mysticall
 Iuge yowe my lordes for me ye shall
 Your ys the charge that governes all
 For vor populi me thay call
 That maketh but reersall
 De parvum but not de totall
 De locis but not locall
 Therfore ye most not blame
 The wyght that wrott the same
 For the poymen* of this lande
 Hath sone this in there sande

* Comens *erased*.

Plowghyng it with ther hande
 I fonde it where I ffounde
 And I ame but the hayne
 That wrythe new agayne
 The cory for to see
 That also lerneth me
 To take there by good hede
 My thepe holwe for to fede
 For I a sheparde ame
 A fory powre man
 Bett wolde I wysche my lordes
 This myght be youre recordis
 And make of it nowe dreame
 For it ys a worthey realme
 A reme that in tymes passe
 Hath made the prowdes a gaste
 And now my lordes all
 Note this in especiall
 And have it in memorpall
 With youre wyse unyversall
 That nether faber nor effeccion
 Powe graunt youre protection
 To suche as hath by election
 Shall rewle by ereccion
 And doth gett the perfeccon
 Of the powre mens refeccon
 Wiche ys a grett innoympte
 Unto youre grasys commynalte
 For thay that of latt did supe

Dwelt of an alchyn cuppe
 Are wonderfully sprowng upe
 That nowght was worth of latt
 Hath now a cubboorde of platt
 His tabell furnyscheyd tooe
 With platt be sett I nowe
 Percell gylte and sownde
 Well worth tow thousand pounde†
 With castinge cownters and ther pen
 Thes are the vpsart gentylmen
 Thes are thay that dewowze
 All the goods of the powze
 And makes them dotysche dabys
 Under the cowler of the Kings lawys
 And yett and nother decape
 To youre grasys Seetes alwaye
 For the statte of all youre marchant men
 Undo most parte of powze gentyll men
 And wrape them in suche bandes
 That thay have halve ther lands
 And payeth but halfe in hande
 Tyll thay more underkownde
 Of the profett of there lande
 And for the other halfe
 He shalbe mayd a calfe
 Except he have gud fyendes
 Whiche well cane waye both endes

† CCth erased.

And yet with frendes tooe
 He shall have muche to doe
 Whiche ys a grett in nozmyte
 To youre grasys regallyte
 Lett marchant men goe sayle
 For that ys ther tyme waylle
 For of one C. ye have not ten
 That now be marchants ventzing men
 That occupi grett in awnders
 Forther then into Flanders
 Flawnders or in to France
 For feze of some myschance
 But lyeth at home and stands
 By morgage and purchasse of landes
 Dwitt of all gentyll mens handes
 Whiche shold seze alwaye your grace
 With horse and men in chaffe
 Whiche ys a grett dewotwe
 Unto youre regall powwe
 What presydente cane thay shewe
 That fowwe skore yeres agooe
 That any marchant here
 A bove all charges cleze
 In landes myght lett to hyre
 Too thousand markes by yere
 Othez where shall ye fynde
 A gentyll man by kynde

D.

But that thay wpll ly in the wynde
 To breng hyme fer be hynde
 Or ells thay wpll have all
 If nedes thay hyne for shall
 Wiche ys the hole decaye
 Of your marchant men I saye
 And hynders youre grasye cosume
 By the yere a thousande pownde
 And so mayyth the more petye
 The comon welth of yche Sytte
 And undoth the countie
 As proesse doth make proprietie
 This matter most speshally
 Wolde be loked one quiclye
 Betwixt for ther recreation
 In pastime and procreation
 In tempore necessitatis
 I wysche thay myght have grattis
 Lysens to compownde
 To purchasse fortie pownde
 Or fyfte at the mooste
 By fyne or wytte of post
 And yf any marchant man
 To lyve his occupieng then
 Wolde purchasse any more
 Lett hyme forfett it therfore
 Then shold ye se the trade
 That marchant men first mayde

Whiche wyse men marshall
 For a welth unyversall
 Pche man this lawe to lerne
 And trewly his goods to ywre
 The landlozd with his tyme
 The plowght man with his seyme
 The kneght wyth his faye
 The marchant with his waze
 Then howld increse the helth
 Of yche comon welthe
 Therfore be not yow wrothe
 For tellyng of the trothe
 For I dooe here it every daye
 Howe the comons thus doe saye
 If thaye hade it thay wolde paye

Vox populi vox Dei
 O most noble kynge
 Consyder well this thing

But howe Robyn howe
 Wiche waye dothe the wynde blowe
 Heke. heke. heke
 Is not this a pityvis warke
 The grounde and the pithe
 Of all this myschaffe
 For oure covitis lordes
 Dothe mynde noe other recordes
 But stampyng synes for ferymes
 With to mythe as some termes
 With rents and remaynders
 With suzwaye and suzenders
 With commons and common ingenders
 With in closiers and extenders
 With huryd upe but noe spenders
 For a common welth
 This is a vere stelth
 Probe it whowe shall
 To make there of triall
 Thus growthe there diall
 I knowe not what acloke
 But by the cowntre coke
 Thei anone ner yett the prime
 Untyll the sowne dooe hyne

Dr ells I colde tyll
 Howe all things howld be well
 The compass maye stand a wyre
 But the card wyll not lye
 Haale in your mayn shete
 This tempeste is to grett
 For powre men dayly sees
 How officers takes their fees
 Sume yll and some yet worse
 As gode right as to pike there purse
 Deseruethe this not God's curse
 There conspens ys sooe grett
 Theye feze not to dischaze
 If it were as moche more
 Soe thay maye have the stowe
 Thus is oure wethe undone
 By synguler commodome/
 For we are in dyvision
 Bothe for reght and religion
 And as some saythe
 We stagger in our saythe
 But excepte in thortt tyme
 We drawe by one lyne
 And agre with one accorde
 Bothe the plowghman and the lorde
 We shall soze rewe
 That ever this statte we knewe

The commons thus doth saye
If thaye hade it thay wolde paye

Uox populi vox Dei
O most nobell kenge
Consider well this thing

6.

Thus runnys the rumer abowt
 A mowngs the holle rotw
 Thay cane nott byng abowt
 Hit bathe fuche hight degre
 The towne it ys soo skaatt
 That ebery man dothe wantt
 And somethynke not soo skarese
 But even as much to haste
 Pour marchant men doe saye
 Thaye fynde it dave by dave
 To be a matter strange
 When thay shold make exrange
 One thother syde the see
 They are dyven to there plee
 For weye oure pounde some tyme
 Was better then theys by nene
 Now oure when it comythe forth
 No better then theys is worthe
 Noe nor skant sooe gude
 They saye so by the roode
 How may the meychant man
 Be able to occuppe than
 Exept when he comes here
 He sell his waze to dyre

E. ii.

He needes must haue a lybinge
 Or els sje one the wyning
 This coyne by alteracyon
 Hathe brought this desolacon
 Which is not yet all knowen
 What myschiff it hathe soweden
 They saye two worthe that man
 That fyrst that coyne began
 To put in anye heade
 The mynde to such a reed
 To come to such a hieze
 For covites desyre.
 I knowe not what it menythe
 But thus thay saye and dremethe
 He ille per quem skandalum venit
 But this wylle upe graett pene
 Be for it be well agayne
 Graett pene and sore
 To make this as was before
 Your commons thus doe saye
 If thay hade it thay wolde paye

Vox populi vox Dei
 O most nobell Kenge
 Consyder well this thinge

This matter is to trewe
 That many a man dothe rewe
 These sowrowes doe in sewe
 For powre men thay doe cye
 And saye it ys a wyse
 Thay saye thay cannott be herde
 But styll frome dape differd
 When thay have any swotte
 They may gowe blowe ther swott
 Thus gothe the common bzetott
 The riche man wyll come in
 For he ys sure to wynne
 For he cane make is waye
 With hand in hande to paye
 Bothe to thycke and thynne
 Or ells to knowe the plesure
 My lorde is not at lesure
 The powre man at the dur
 Stands lyke an yllande cur
 And daze not ober sure
 Excepet he gowe is waye
 And come another dape
 And then the matter ys mayde
 That the powre man withe his spade

Must no more this ferme in wayde
 But must gowe use soume other trade
 For it ys soe agreyd
 That my ladye maisters mede
 Shall hyme expulse with all spede
 And our maister the landlord
 Shall have it all att his accorde
 His howse and ferme agayne
 To make there of his vttmost gayne
 For is wantage wylbe more
 With shepe and cattell itto store
 And not to plowgh his ground no more
 Except the fermer wyl be
 The rente hyer by holle yere
 Yett must he have a syne toe
 The bargayne he may the knowe
 Wiche maketh the markett now soe deere
 That there bye fewe that maks good cheere
 For the fermer must sell his gose
 As he maye be abell to paye for his howse
 Or ells for none payeng the rente
 A voyde at oure laydye daye in lent
 Thus the polye man shalbe shente
 And then he and his wyffe
 With there children all there lyfe
 Dothe crye owtt and band
 Uppon thes corsede covitys man

I sweere by God omnipotent
 I feze that this presydent
 Wyl make vs all for to shent
 Crowe yow my lordes that be
 That God doth nott see
 This ryche manys charyte
 Per speculum Inigmate
 Wes es yowe ryche lordes
 Hitt is wrytten in Christs records
 That diuis lay in the fyre
 With Belsabube his fyre
 And pauper he a howe satt
 In the sett of Abrams lape
 And was taken frome this trope
 To lybe allwaye with God in poipe
 Powr commons thus do saye
 If thay hade it thay wold paye

Vox populi vox Dei
 O most nobell Kenge
 Consyder well this thing

The prayse no less ys worthe
 Godds worde is well sett forth
 Hitt never was more preched
 Nor never so playnely techede
 Hitt never was so halloed
 Nor never soe lyttell folloed
 Both of hyght and lowe
 As many a man dothe knowe
 For this ys playne perskrypsyon
 We have banyschyd superstysyon
 But styll we kepe ambysyon
 We have thowtt awaye all cloystes
 But styll we kepe extorsynars
 We have taken theze lands for ther abbwele
 But we have conuertyd theme to a worse use
 If this talle be noe lye
 My lords this gothe a wyre
 A wyre a wyre ye gooe
 With many thengs mooe
 Dwytt frome the Kengs hy waye
 The commons thus doe saye
 If thay hade it thay wold pape

**Glor populi vox Dei
 O most nobell King
 Consyder well this thyng**

And of all this sequell
 The sawtt I cane not tell
 Put powe together and spell
 My lordes of the counsell
 I feze al be not well
 Ame byssyon so dothe swell
 As it gothe by reportte
 A motwgs the grett sorte
 A wonderfull sortt of sylks
 That wor populi tyltis
 Of thes bottomeless welts
 That are est west and so forth
 Bothe by south and also north
 With. ryche. ryche. and ryche
 With riche and to myche
 The powze men to be gylle
 With saccke and paccke to fyle
 With suche as we compound
 For an offys is thowsant pownde
 Howe maye suche men do reght
 Poure powze men to requytt
 Owtt of there trowbell and payne
 But they most gett it agayne
 By craft or such coarsyon
 By byberery and playne extorsyon

With many fayrlys moore
 That I colde trewly schewe
 Ther never was suche mesyre
 Nor never soe moche ewzery
 Pour powr men thus doe saye
 If they hade yt thay wold paye

For populi vox Dei
 A most nobell keng
 Consider well this thing

And thus this yll of bytts
 Agost plentyfull of fletts
 Is suddenly decayed
 Powre men all most dysmayd
 They are soe over layde
 I feye and ame a hayde
 Of the stroke of Gode
 Wiche ys a pezeles rodde
 Praye/ praye/ praye/
 We never see that daye
 For yf that daye doo cume
 We shall dessever and runn
 The father agaynst the sonne
 And one agaynst and nother
 By Gods blessed mother
 Or they begyne to hugger
 For Godessake looke a bought
 And stave be tymes this rought
 For feaze they do come owte
 I put you ought of dought
 There is no grett trust
 At trothe shoulde be discust
 Therefore my lordes take heede
 That this geze donot breede

At chesse to playe a maett
 For then it ys to latt
 We maye well proue a cheke
 But we shall have the weyke
 Itt ys not to be wondrede
 For thay are not to be numbred
 Hitt ys not one alone
 That thus dothe grownt and growne
 And makethe this pitious mone
 For it ys more then wonder
 To here the infynytte nwmber
 Of powre men that doo howe
 By resonne hitt most be sooe
 Thay wysche and doo conector
 That my lords grasse and protector
 That chesse ys nowe irector
 And formost of the reinge
 Under oure nobell Kenge
 That he wolde see redressse
 Of this most graett excesse
 For he ys callyd dowlittlese
 A man of graett prōes
 And soo dothe here the fame
 And doth desyre the fame
 His mynde thay saye is good
 If all wolde folowe his mode
 Nowe for to sett the frame
 To keep styll this good name

He most delay all all excusis
 And ponsche thesse graett abbusis
 Of thesse synys and new ewlis
 That hane soo many misis
 And srest and prinsipally
 Suppresseth this shamfull ewzere
 Commonlye callyd husbandrye
 For yf there be noe remedye
 In tyme and that reght shortly
 It wylbyede to a plewysle
 Wiche ys a graett innoympte
 To all youre grasis commynalte
 For thez is noe smalle nwmber
 But that this sawlt dothe incumber
 Yourre powre men thus doo save
 If thay hade it they wolde paye

Aor populi vox Dei
 O most nobell Kenge
 Consyder well this thyng.

10.

Nowe at youre grasis layfure
 If ye well see the lezare
 Of all the cheffe treasure
 Hoped withe owght mefure
 Of the substans of youre reme
 As it were in a dreme
 I well make an esteme
 In the hands of a fewe
 The trowthe you to shewe
 Howe this matter dothe gooe
 For I wyll not spare
 The trowthe to declare
 For trowthe trowly ment
 Was never yett hent
 Nor never hent shalbe
 Note this texte of me
 If aityme be shamed
 For feze some shold be blamed
 But it wyll not be shamed
 Hitt ys of suche a strenghe
 Hitt wyll ower come at lenghe
 If now I shall not sayne
 The trowthe to tell you playne
 Of thoose that doo holde
 The substans and the goolde

b. ii.

And the trefure of this reme
 And shortly to calle
 All most they have all
 Att lest they have the tradde
 Of all that maye be mayde
 And first to declare
 A brette what they are
 To make short reherfall
 As well spyrutual as temprall
 The lawers and the lawlorde
 The graett rybe and the recorde
 The recorde I mene ys he
 That hath offys or ells fee
 To serue oure nobull Kenge
 In his accomts and reconnyng
 Of his trefure surmountyng
 Lorde Chawncler and chawnclers
 Maisters of myntts and monyars
 Secundars and surwayers
 Auditeers and recebeers
 Customeers and cowntrolleers
 Purveyers and prowleers
 Marchants of graett sallys
 Withe the maisters of woddsayles
 Withe grasspers and regratlers
 Withe Mr Wyllyams of schepe maisters
 And suche lyke common wasters
 That of erzabel grownd maks passers

And paye maisters suche as bythe
 With trappes your golden smythe
 With iij or iiij grett cloytheers
 And the holle lybell of lawers
 With thesse and there trayne
 To be bresse and playne
 Of there to myche gayne
 That they take for ther payne
 Hit ys knowin by certayne stowrys
 That they maynetene your grasis wayrs
 By the space of a holle yere
 Be it good chepe or dere
 Be thougth we shoulde withstande
 Bothe France and Skottlande
 And yett to leue enowght
 Of money waze and stufte
 Bothe in cattell and corne
 To more then they wer a bozne
 By patoromony or blude
 To merzett soo myche gude
 Be cause thay be soo baffe
 Thay welbe nedey and scazse
 For quod natura dedit
 Frome zentyll blude they ledeth
 And to forste a chourlyche best
 Nemo attolleze potest
 Yett rather then they wold goo before
 They wolde helpe your grace with somewhat more

For they be those that have the flowre
 Those be they I wyll warrant ye
 Thought ye take never a peny
 Of your powre commynalltey
 This is tyme undowttlydye
 I dare. afferme it seyntly
 For yf this warlde doo holde
 Of forse ye most be holde
 To bowrowe ther fyne golde
 For they have the flowre
 Your commons have no more
 Ye maye it call to lyght
 For it ys your awne reght
 If that your grase have nede
 Belebe this as your ciede
 The powre men doo saye
 If they hade it they wold paye
 With a better wyll than thap

For populi vox Dei
 A most nobell keng
 Consider well this thing

11.

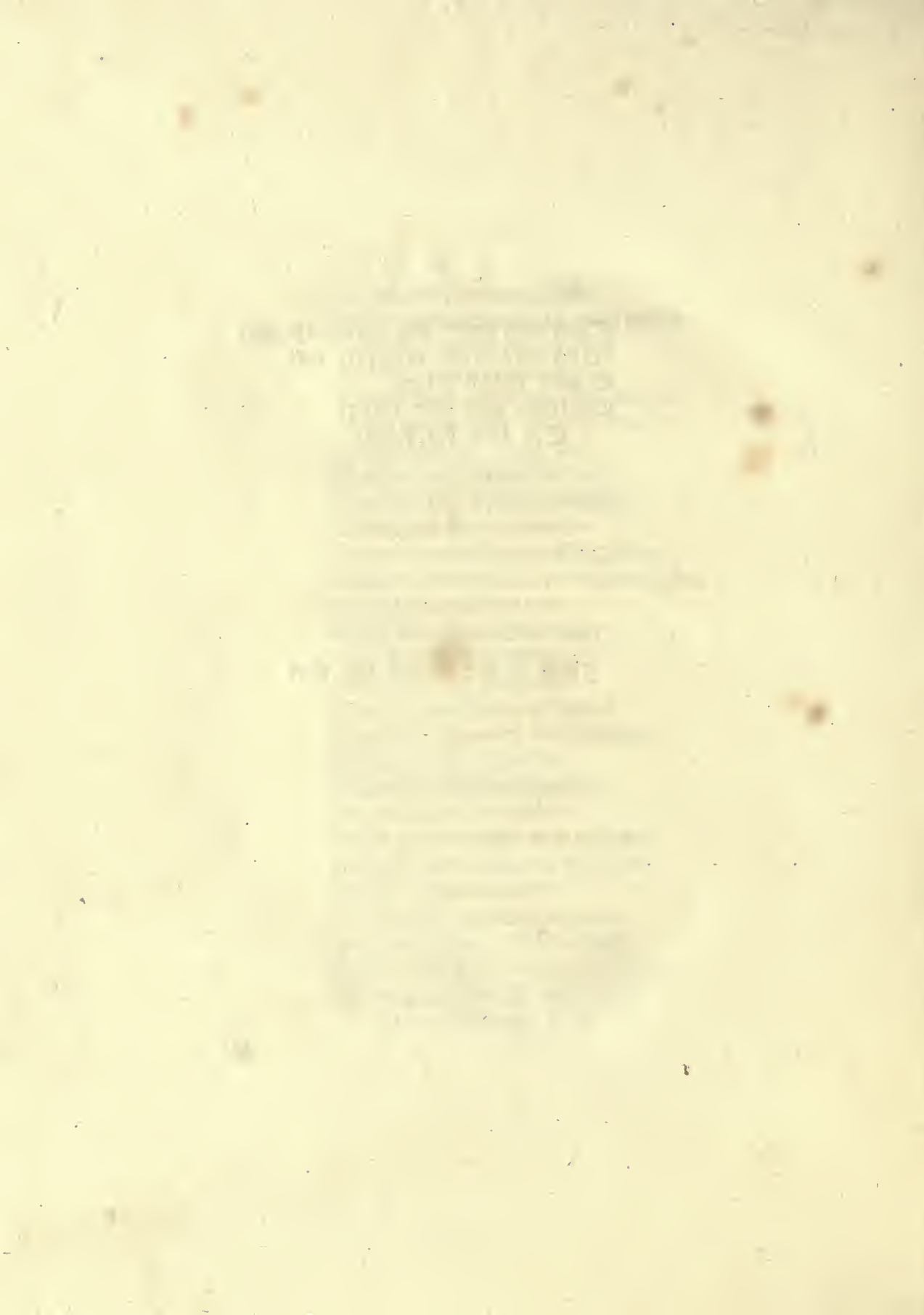
I O orthepest protector
 Bezeyn corrector
 And yow my lords all
 Lett not your ouer apall
 But knowke be tymes and call
 For thes graett ewspyes all
 Ye knowe the prinsipall
 That nedes more reherfall
 If yow doo not redresse
 Be tymes this covitisnes
 My hede I wold to gage
 Ther welbe grett owt rage
 Suche rage as never was sene
 In any olde mans tyme
 Also for this perplexite
 Of thes that are most welthe
 Hit were a dede of charite
 To helpe them of ther pluxse
 Hit comes by suche grette fyttis
 That it takes waye ther wittis
 Bothe in ther trefure and telleng
 Or ells in byeng and selleng

I. ii.

If they of this were cased
 Your grasse howlde be well plesed
 And thay but lyttell dyscesed
 Of this covitous droppe
 That byngs them to this pluxse
 Bothe the pluxse and the gotte
 Uncurabell to be holpe
 Except your grasse for petie
 Proved this forsayd remedie
 As docters holde opinion
 Bothe Ambrosse and Certullyon
 With the swifstake and the mynyon
 The gally and the roo
 That soo swyft dothe gooe
 Goo and that a passe
 By the Berry Grace
 The Berry and the Edward
 God send them all well forwarde
 With all the hole fleet
 Whosse councell complett
 Sayth it is full mett
 That graette heds and dyscret
 Shoulde looke well to ther fett
 Amen I saye so be it
 As all your commons praye
 For your louke helth awaye
 If thay hade it thay wolde paye
 With a better wyll then thay
 Vox populi vox Dei

Thus doth wrytt and thus dothe saye
With this salme myserere mei
O most nobell Keng
Consyder well this thinge
God save the Kenge

Finis of vox populi vox Dei





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